Cyberpsychosis

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Cyberpsychosis

by Vagabond_Anon

Summary

> "*A mental disease in which the addition of cybernetics causes an already unstable personality to fragment. At first the victim begins to relate more to machines than to humans. Soon they start to ignore people, parents, friends, and lovers. Eating and sleeping becomes less important. Finally human interactions begin to irritate, culminating in a terrifying rage that consumes the victim entirely.*"
>
> *- Cyberpunk 2020 Ver. 2.01, pg 73*

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Lightning crackled across the sky above as the first small drops of rain streaked toward the ground. She looked upward toward the flash, and toward the following darkness hanging heavy high above the bloom of flickering neon lights. Her eyes unflinching as the first drops of water splashed against their ballistic glass outermost layer.

There was movement otherwise, but she didn't particularly care for it.

She rarely cared about anything.

She looked back down though. The complicated blue shutters of her irises clicked and shifted to refocus on the ground. Drab pavement filling her vision was gouged by long channels and pitted by small shattered holes. Surface slowly being overtaken by a dark spreading mass of various viscous fluids. Said fluids' point of origin was the shredded remains of a humanoid mechanical monstrosity that lay before her.

Its vaguely masculine frame both massive, and torn apart bit by bloody oily bit.

Looking further down again her eyes focused on hands. Fingers covered in the same mess. And a blade that sprouted from a right arm in her field of view. With slow motions the fingers curled into fists. Then relaxed as water came down to sweep away the filth from their palms.

Who's hands were those?

The left reached over to touch the right. It felt warm and cold and slick all at once. Fingers grasping and twisting to grab together, then brush along to the right wrist. Up they went to the arm, to the base of the red folding blade stained down to the metal itself. Its edge dripping with more of the same.

More hands came into view. Another pair gloved in blue that were attached to arms clad in heavy uniform sleeves. They quickly grabbed the first. One to one. Left and right.

Then there was sound.

"*Ground yourself! Focus on me!*"

It was muddled. Like a poodle full of dirt and synthetic oil.

Or, was it *puddle?*

Puddle definitely.

Did it really matter?

Nothing mattered.

Unless it did.

Her hands were pulled forward.

They were her own. They were being taken from her. Pulled away from her. She pulled back. Pulled the blue monsters that would take them away to bring them in toward herself. Resistance came to the action. Followed by another body that came with them.

Familiar. Armored.

Why?

Looking up there was a face. Black hair wet from the rain and lightly blown about in the wind. Powerful features. Piercing eyes. Moving lips. Headset and boom arm microphone. Clear sound.

“I'm right here! It's me! You're here! You're real!”

Eyes. Blue, clear, but darkened by shadow of night to gray that flashed away in strobes of red and blue. Nose. Cheeks. Face.

Lips.

She took them. Leaned forward to press against them.

The world exploded in noise. She let her outer eyelid shutters fall. Let her arms relax and sword retract to its home in her arm. Internal warnings blared to life alongside the pelting of rain on skin and clothes. On hair and air to make sounds. Chatter of police, blaring sirens, clicks and whirs of machines, advertisements uncaring for the reality they promised did not exist, transmissions from garbled sources burning like frayed static in the air, and shouted warnings to others far away to keep moving.

Satsuki's.

Satsuki.

Ending the kiss her head tilted forward to rest against the one before her. Scanning down the black of her own skin-suit it was torn down her left leg where hydraulic fluid flowed down into the rain.

“*Nee-san.*”

“I'm here. You did it. You're injured, but you stopped the perp.”

“Damaged-”

“*Injured.* You are *injured*. You need a-”

“Repair-”

“A *medic*.”

“*Medic.*”

“Yes.”

“*Medic.*”

“*Yes.* Come on. Lean on me.”

Letting the unresponsive left leg lock in a position where it wouldn't drag on the ground she leaned onto an offered shoulder. A handful of other officers in flak jackets and heavy helmets came from a direction together, and while they kept their distance they formed a surrounding guard that stopped more officers from approaching her. Satsuki helped her step into the open door of an armored Aerodyne where she was set down on a seat inside.

Belted in the squad jumped aboard and slid the door closed behind them, that she did not hear click, before the vehicle lurched skyward. Without a sound. A thin man with glasses emerged from the front of the van sized shuttle with a heavy bag while Satsuki got hold of her face.

She could not hear the sound of tearing, the whir of electric tools, and the calls for assistance from a much larger man with a darker face who joined the crowd around her extended leg. She just looked at the small smile beside her. Taking a deep breath she reached up for it. Her hand was grabbed, and wiped clean with a rag, but then guided to a soft prominent cheek and allowed to wander as it liked.

Skin. Flesh. The beat of blood, thump of life. There in the present. Real.

Silent, but real.

She could not hear the voice that told her to do so, but from silent lips she read the simple words.

“Mission accomplished. It will be over soon. You're doing fine. You are not in critical condition. Everything will be fine. You can rest Imouto. You can rest.”

The world went dark as shutters closed and blue complex pieces reset to their default positions. But it was fine.

Everything would be fine...

Everything would be fine.

End Notes

Full disclosure this is a draft more than anything else from a while ago, a part of an idea set for a future project still in development. *Among everything ELSE still stuck in development...* But its been a bit, have not gotten anything up for a bit, and essentially dropped this into the open. So to the open it goes. I hope it was nice enough.

Proper fics updating/posting at some point. Eventually.

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